

The Empire of Desire

It's rain drumming the trunk
lid, bent under, creased suit,
cigarette, a cold

calling salesman conducts
his jokes in tails
of smoke, a run-

through, with free hand dealing
catalogs, samples. He roots

out pens, too, and (scene or slut-
depending) calendars.

The petty corruption
of life obtains

histories
grand as any.

